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Rum.



OCTOBER, 1929



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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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Egypt

I

Twilight

Darkness falls once more over the Valley of Kings;
The pyramids and the sphinx watch it
With their inscrutable calm.
The dusk deepens; it spreads long, inky fingers
Across the gray of the desert.
The Great Pyramid of King Cheops, reposing with Eternity,
Listens to Father Nile and holds secret communion within itself.
Darkness broods over the desert; and all is still
Save the whispering of the sands.

II

Dawn

Dawn appears, unveiling a cloudless Egyptian sky,
A sea of azure, stretching interminably across space
Reflects its smiling face in the blue waters of the Nile.
It shines down upon the pyramids,
Changing the cold, gray stone into a living monument
Of Egyptian life in far-away ages.

Marjorie Clark

EDITORIALS



Mental Supporters

AT our first football game of the season, a game in which our sophomores showed themselves the equal of Lee's first team, the attendance was discouragingly small. Quite naturally the sophomore class had the largest representation, the majority of their delegation being girls. Upper classmen were noticeably absent.

Students when charged with failure to attend games will frequently offer the excuse that they are "busy." Usually these "busy" people spend the afternoon of the game vainly searching for a diversion, and when they at last decide that their time can be spent most profitably supporting school athletics, the game is well over. Strangely enough this spirit of indecision repeats itself upon the advent of the next game and the team is deprived of much needed encouragement and support.

Perhaps the reason for lack of attendance which sounds most plausible is that the students are unacquainted with many of the cheers and dislike immensely to display ignorance of them before classmates. Due to the present two platoon system and the consequent lack of time for assemblies it may be said that at the games is the best place to learn our cheers. Learning the cheers is largely a matter of practice and there is no better place for real practice than on the side lines.

Had the Lee game been played by the first team and the sophomores failed to put in an appearance, they would, no doubt, have been subjected to severe criticism. As it is the sophomores have set an example in school spirit which the upperclassmen should emulate.

If we turn out for the next home game in as goodly numbers as did the sophs for the Lee game, no one can challenge our school spirit or our loyalty to the team.

The Editor

There's A Reason

THERE is a reason, a good reason, why the pupils of P. H. S. look forward to the end of each school month. For at that time, *The Student's Pen*, our school magazine of which we are all justly proud, is issued. Eager to glimpse the contents of the newest *Pen*, each student hastens to the desk of the home-room

distributor with frenzied cries of "Where's my *Pen*?" or "Hurry up, check off my name, and gimme my *Pen*!" Those who regularly receive an issue of our high school monthly realize how very disappointing it would be should they, for some reason or other, have to do without it for even one month. Disappointing? More than that, to be sure, for they would have just cause for saying, similarly to "The Eagle" patrons: "If I miss a *Pen*, I miss a month."

Just why is it that we are all so anxious to receive every issue of our school magazine? Is our interest due simply to the fact that it *is* our school magazine, and we therefore feel we *should* support it? A fine spirit, indeed, but no such attitude prompts our greatest interest in *The Pen*. Attractive covers, clever and appropriate cuts, splendid poetry, stories, and specials, accounts of current sport and school events, along with plenty of good jokes, all of which contribute to the making of an excellent school periodical and all of which our own has, are just a few of the reasons why we take both pride and interest in *The Student's Pen*.

We all realize how much our magazine means to us, both in respect to the reputation it has made for Pittsfield High and the pride and pleasure it affords us in reading it. Surely such a school publication richly deserves the support of every student in the building. We know the nickel collection taken each week does not cover the cost of issuing *The Pen*, and that the generous merchants of Pittsfield are its real financial supporters.

The duty of each student in this high school toward *The Student's Pen* is twofold: (1) Make an effort to contribute matter, (2) Give it your financial support, by paying a nickel unbegrudgingly to the collection each week, and by patronizing our advertisers. Only by so doing can we look forward to the continued success of *The Pen* and justly feel that we are all doing our part.

Phyllis Newmarker '30

Memorials

AS we write these words, our new high school, long a theme of dispute and discussion, is in the way of becoming, at last, a reality. For this, we, in common, we believe, with all those who are conversant with the deficiencies of the present building, are heartily thankful. But we cannot forget, even in our happiness at what seems to be an important step in the realization of our long-cherished hopes that, in this case, the "March of Progress" is bringing about the destruction of what we consider to be two of the most beautiful residences in Pittsfield, structures which were at once adornments to the city and links in that chain of memorials and traditions which joins us of the present day with the glorious past.

By a rather remarkable coincidence, each of these venerable mansions was intimately connected with famous Boston literary men of the last century. The "Elm Knoll" estate, which has been for more than sixty years in the possession of the Plunkett family, was the girlhood home of Florence E. Appleton, who became the wife of the immortal Longfellow, and it was while visiting there that he wrote his beautiful poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," inspired, it is said, by tall, old-fashioned clock which formerly stood on the landing of the staircase.

To the "Elm Slope" estate, which adjoins the Plunkett property, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes came frequently during the years of his residence in Pittsfield

to call upon Mrs. Caroline Campbell Kellogg, his friend and correspondent for many years, who then resided there.

Does it not seem extremely unfortunate that these houses could not be preserved for coming generations as monuments to those who made them famous? But as this event, highly desirable though it would be, was impossible, what more suitable fate could befall them than to be obliterated to make way for a school building? For what more worthy purpose could these literary shrines be removed than to provide a place for the erection of a structure in which the youth of our city will, in the days to come, be taught to venerate and admire these two men, and the other great literary figures of the world, for the excellence and value of their works?

It has been said that the best memorial to which any great author or poet can aspire is to have his works read and enjoyed by his successors. If this be so, and it seems to us that it is, it may very easily be that in erecting an edifice wherein its youth will learn to understand and appreciate their works, the City of Pittsfield is not destroying those things which recall to our minds the achievements of Longfellow and Holmes, but is rather replacing the old, material memorials (which we would not by any means disparage, for none, with the possible exception of those who dwelt within their walls, loved them more dearly than did we) with those which are better, more worth-while, and more enduring.

Edward S. Willis, 1932

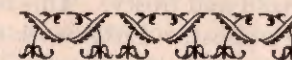
Athletic Council Bazaar

FOUR Big Rides at Pittsfield High School Bazaar—the Merry-Go-Round especially for Sophomores." Merry laughter and joyous crowds are the features of a carnival, and the P. H. S. Athletic Carnival was no exception. Although the homework suffered cruelly, the bazaar was considered a success by all.

This great event was staged under the auspices of the Pittsfield High School Athletic Council, which is trying to establish athletics on a firmer basis in P. H. S. This council deserves our heartiest cooperation, and if we respond as we did in the bazaar, there will no doubt be a new era of athletics in Pittsfield High School.

The bazaar was made a success through the efforts of the Council, the Knights of Columbus, the American Legion, and the students, who helped in various ways. The sum realized was approximately one thousand dollars.

A good thing to remember: support your athletics always and everywhere.





A Hallowe'en Escapade

"THERE, that makes thirty-five," said Jimmy Watkins, as he added another cabbage stump to the pile, which seemed to be larger than ever before. The ammunition supply stood beside the little shack which belonged to seven of the younger element of Tomkinsville. The older inhabitants of the town made no protest as they watched the pile increase, for they knew that it would eventually grace the property of the town crank, Simon Hall. Some of the supposedly more dignified citizens of the town even went so far as to encourage the boys. Sam Tyler, who owned the village general store, left all his decayed vegetable matter in a conspicuous place and asked no questions when it disappeared. He held a grudge against the old man, who didn't trade with his store. Pete Myer, who ran the garage, raised no complaint when a pile of empty cans disappeared from the rear of his station. Old Simon didn't and simply wouldn't own a car. Indeed, the boys began to believe that the town would be ideal were it not for Simon.

To begin with, by building his home at the edge of the town, Simon had spoiled the best coasting place for miles around. Then, when he discovered the boys skating on a nearby pond, he promptly purchased the land and ordered the boys off. He had repeatedly done such mean things until, in no time, he was disliked not only by the younger generation but also by the grown-ups. For seven Hallowe'ens now he had been pestered by the revengeful boys. And seven times the town officials had refused to punish them until Simon should be able to prove who the culprits were. This was next to impossible, for Simon kept no help at night and he himself could never catch them.

Hallowe'en day dawned cold and frosty. This invigorating weather excited the spirits of the boys to the utmost. Little work was accomplished in school that day, and immediately afterwards, the "Lucky Seven," as they called themselves, retreated to their shack to make final plans for the great attack. The meeting was presided over by Jimmy Watkins, captain of the gang, but he had a decidedly hard time to keep order, for each one had his own ideas which just had to be expressed. However, two commands were issued. The first one and of most

importance was that all younger brothers were to be left at home. Secondly, everyone was to meet at the shack, at eight o'clock, equipped with a mask. It was a rule that if one member was caught the other six were to stand by him, but this rule wasn't stressed for no one ever dreamed of being caught by old Simon. However, after leaving the shack the boys' spirits were somewhat crushed, for a rather sprightly young man had alighted from the four o'clock train, and stopped the boys to inquire the way to Simon Hall's place.

"Gee, he looks like he could run like lightnin'," said Squatty Mullins, who always was the last one anyway.

"Well, anaways, I bet he couldn't beat me," said "Mousey" Eavans, who was proud of the fact that he had thrice won the race at the annual Sunday school picnic. Although their spirits were sadly drooping, they didn't give up hopes.

Peter Hill was quite puzzled by the remarks of the boys, for they had hardly given him time to pass before they uttered them. But he had other things to think of, so the boys quickly left his mind. He was on his way to visit his grandfather whom he hadn't seen for years, and he wondered how he would be received. To his great surprise he was given a very warm welcome, and soon the two men were in the library talking over old times. For some reason unknown to Peter, old Simon became quite disturbed when his grandson began to relate the good times he used to have on Hallowe'en. In no time, however, he learned the whole story and set about trying to think of a way to gain the friendship of the people toward his grandfather. For, deep down in his heart the old man wasn't as gruff as he appeared to be, and it was only because his own grandson was no longer with him, that he had grown embittered towards the youngsters of the town. In short order, Peter had a plan all worked out. "We'll send to the nearest place for supplies," he said, "and then we'll prepare a party. I'll dress up in my uniform, and when the boys come I'll take them by surprise and capture them. Then we'll see how good a time we can give them."

In the meantime the boys had eaten a hasty supper and had gathered at their shack. It took quite a while to get rid of the younger boys, who would tag along, but by eight o'clock, the boys armed with as much as they could possibly carry, started on their first attack. They were all a bit worried about the stranger but no one said a word about it lest he should provoke the anger of his fellow men. The moon had very conveniently gone under a cloud and they approached the place in the pitch dark. At the top of the hill they scattered and crawled toward their various attacking points. Everything was progressing nicely till out of the silence of the night came the shrill cry of "Slim" Jones. For Slim had suddenly found himself in the fast grasp of none other than the stranger. The others started to run, when Squatty, who had no chance of escape anyway, for Peter was rapidly approaching him, reminded them of their promise to stand by one another. So soon, Peter found himself surrounded by seven pleading boys. Offering no explanation he led the culprits into the house. What met their eyes surprised them so much that they still talk of it. For, instead of being greeted by a police force or something worse, they were confronted by a table loaded with everything good to eat.

"I bet it ain't real!" whispered Squatty, whose main weakness was food.

"Sure it is, can't you smell it?" replied Jimmy and they all were soon convinced that it was real, for upon the invitation of Simon and his grandson, they soon devoured about all the food in sight. Then, after receiving the old man's humble apology, the "Lucky Seven" wended their way homeward, happy to have made friends with Simon, but at the same time, sorry that they would no longer have anyone on whom to take revenge.

Kathleen Young '30

Freshman Privileges

FRESHMAN Jefferson Willis crossed the forbidden grass. Forbidden? The freshman bible said so, but what of it? Wasn't he captain of his track team in prep? Hadn't he beaten all comers in his last two years? Wasn't he already the fastest back on the freshman squad? Freshman rules were not for such as he. All right for timid hero worshippers, but what earthly reason was there that he, a star quarter-miler, should bother about such petty restrictions? None in the world, thought he as he swaggered across the lawn on the other side.

Three sophomores saw him, and no time did they lose. Jeff was rudely awakened from his meditations by a harsh:

"Aw' right, freshie, ya' know the rules. Come along, now."

"Take me," he invited.

They came, saw little, and were conquered—temporarily. Jeff was no novice at the manly art, and soon two self-appointed law enforcers were taking a prolonged course in concentrated astronomy while the third "war hawk" was procuring beefsteak for purposes other than culinary. Jeff had won the first round.

That night, however, he got paid back with interest. Numbers count, and the sophs, twenty-five strong, put him thru enough for the whole freshman class; enough so that the frosh, following Jeff's lead, proceeded to break all regulations in spite of repeated threats. They took a "come and try it" attitude toward each and every warning.

Waring Collingsworth, president of the sophomore class and a brilliant quarter-miler himself, took the matter to the Student Council, known to freshmen as the "Grandpa's Convention;" nevertheless it was the ruling body, freshman not being represented until the May election. After consideration, the Council issued the following ultimatum:

"That until the freshmen shall have shown by their conduct that they deserve privileges, the present rules are to be strictly enforced—drastically, if necessary."

Now while he had been so flagrantly violating rules, Jeff had kept in condition, and had won several races in practice with some of the varsity men. It was an unwritten law that if the freshmen won the fall inter-class meet, they would be free from all restrictions for two weeks, and it was the campus belief that this year Freshman Privileges would extend to the remainder of the school term. Jeff did not doubt that he could beat Collingsworth's time. He always had that confident feeling. "If you think you're good, you *are* good." His hazings and escapades had only increased his egotism.

Meanwhile, considerably silenced by the Council's decree, the rest of the freshmen with the exception of Tom Wilkie, a good "880" man, rigidly obeyed the freshman rules. So did they—outwardly. But the perpetrators of certain jokes continued to literally "get away with anything." No one found who it was that released quantities of hydrogen sulphide gas in the sophomore class meeting, and the so-called "pink elephants" who took four inebriated sophs three miles into the country, allowing them to walk home, were still at large. Besides, with surprising regularity, after each freshman hazing, the ringleaders invariably received a repayment an evening or two later.

While carrying out their "night hawk" pranks, Jeff and Harry trained steadily in order to be assured of a varsity berth the coming spring as well as for the fall inter-class. Collingsworth did not train at the same time so Jeff had no opportunity to match speed with him. However, it made no difference, because he had no doubt of his ability to conquer the sophomore star. But one night he had an unexpected call from two sophomores who came right to the point.

"We're onto you, freshie, and you'll get kicked out if we squeal, an' we're gonna squeal about your dirty running if these tricks don't stop. What's more, if Collingsworth loses, an' we need the points, you're gonna get a one way ticket to the sticks, anyway, see?"

"Yes, and here's something else, see?" Jeff knocked him thru the doorway and locked the door as the other stumbled after.

But it was something to puzzle over, after all, when you thought it over. If he won the race—and beyond doubt the score would be close—he would be expelled. If he lost it, the Freshman Liberty for which he had fought would probably not be granted. That "dirty running" remark worried him. . . . He had not run dirty, but it had looked it But it wasn't his fault they should have fixed that bump and they had not so in avoiding it he had spiked three men in three races and been ruled out. It looked bad. What *could* he do? Expulsion if he won; iron clad rules if he lost, and the race only a week away.

"Jeff, boy, let's forget we ever saw those guys."

Jeff nodded. It seemed to be the only solution. Consequently he put his mind on the race and when the day came, he was in perfect condition.

As had been predicted, every point told, and after Tom had won the half, it told the frosh that they were apt to learn how to obey Mussolini during the coming eight months.

Jeff drew third from the pole, and Collingsworth, a fast starter, got the pole. True to form he took the first turn coasting on his starting sprint. Jeff dropped behind him. On the back stretch they stepped right along, Collingsworth sprinting, Jeff holding back a little. The others were running only for third. Collingsworth started to coast on the next turn, but Jeff fooled him, and went by without running far out. But Collingsworth had some sprint left. As they rounded the turn, he passed Jeff like a shooting star. Down the home stretch, Collingsworth was leading. Now it was Jeff's turn to sprint and he put all he had into a final effort that bit by bit closed the gap. Collingsworth was weakening, but so was Jeff. One yard apart and thirty to the tape! Twenty and two feet of

space separate the gasping runners! Ten, and a scant twelve inches of space! Five! The gap grows smaller! And then! The tape!

"WE WIN," shout the freshmen.

But wait. The judges are holding a conference. Ah! They have decided.

"Ladies and gentlemen, for one of the few times it happens, you have witnessed a tie, a dead heat. As a result the race and score are ties. I have also been requested to announce that Freshman Privileges are granted for the remainder of the year."

And the jealous sophs? Well, what could they do? Collingsworth, sensible person that he was, had given orders for the sophomores to observe the new ruling.

Dwight Campbell

A Remedy for Aunt Jane Adams

GLOOM settled on the Kingsley household. Aunt Jane Adams was arriving that night for a visit of unknown duration. And the whole family had experienced Aunt Jane's visits.

Young John came down the stairs and looked mournfully at his mother, who was hurriedly rearranging the furniture in the living room.

"Say Mother," he began sitting down in the arm chair, "Why do we ——"

"Now John," interrupted his mother, "Don't ask why we have to have Aunt Jane here. We've got to. You know that. Aunt Jane is quite wealthy, I've told you that before. And more than that, she's my aunt and she's an Adams."

"Oh Mother, she gives me a pain. There's more truth than poetry in that because she thinks we're all sickly, and she knows she is!"

"That will do John. Please remember that Aunt Jane's train arrives in exactly fifteen minutes and you are supposed to meet her with the car."

"Awright," woefully returned her son, "but you needn't expect me to hang around much while she's here!"

The boy passed out the door, and soon his mother could hear the family car rolling down the driveway. She sank into a chair, dust cloth in her hand, and surveyed the room. In her heart she sympathized with her son, but nevertheless, Aunt Jane was an Adams. Mrs. Kingsley rose and sighed. There was so much to do!!!

Her daughter Mae entered and looked around.

"Why so busy Mother? Och, I forgot. Aunt Jane's coming. Ohhh!!" She left and went upstairs.

Twenty minutes passed and the austere Aunt Jane arrived. She looked around.

"Mary," she said addressing Mrs. Kingsley, "You better shut those windows. These fall days are right cool. Mae dear, don't go out without a hat. John, that sweater isn't nearly enough. Oh dear me! I can't see how you exist. I believe that you look rather peaked! Oh my!"

The household adjusted itself to Aunt Jane, but not without protest. Mae and John held a conference one morning on the way to school. They discussed the past events and worked out a possible remedy for them.

"Say," exploded Mae, "How about Harry?"

"Hurray for the lady! Harry is the very person!"

By the time they reached school, their plans were completed.

That evening the door bell rang. Mae sprang up to answer it and cast a sidewise glance at John. He winked.

"Oh," Mae's voice floated in from the hall, "It's Harry and Louise. Come on in. We're awfully glad to see you. No, don't leave your rubbers out there. It's a beautiful rainy night! Oh, Louise, what a cunning dress!"

The three entered and John jumped up.

"Hello, Harry! Wonderful night, isn't it?"

"Great," responded Harry enthusiastically.

"Humph," said Aunt Jane, "I can't see it. Pouring rain. Beautiful! Indeed!"

"How do you do, Miss Adams? Indeed, there is nothing more beautiful than rain, unless it's snow. You know rain is a heaven-sent gift. We really couldn't get along without it. But snow really looks better? My, but you look spry!" Harry was incorrigible.

"Young man, you can't tell by looks. Really, I'm very sickly. My liver is very poorly. You know——"

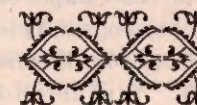
"Come now," interrupted Harry, "I can't believe that."

And thus the argument started. Harry was aided by John, Louise, and Mae.

Next evening Harry was equally cheerful and Aunt Jane equally pessimistic. For a week it continued until Aunt Jane became peevish. At the close of the evening Aunt Jane jumped to her feet.

"Young man, if you think I'm going to stand for all this nonsense, you're crazy. I'm tired of you. The only way to get rid of you is to go home. I'm going! Tomorrow I leave, Mary," she said, turning to Mrs. Kingsley, "You couldn't help this. I don't blame you, but it seems queer to me. I shan't come again soon. Goodnight."

Myrtle Crosier '31





Our Summer Abroad

THE skyline of New York by night, its lofty buildings gleaming with lights; Coney Island more attractive than by day; then the blue distances of sky and water marked our sailing from home. After six days of open sea came Cherbourg, lovely with its encircling breakwater and forts, and its shores vividly green against the blue water of the harbor. A few hours more brought us across the English Channel, past the Isle of Wight, into the harbor of Southampton (memories of Henry V!).

The train ride from Southampton to London passed quickly, as we caught glimpses of pretty villages and of thatched-roofed farmhouses and thatched ricks. Everywhere were flowers in neat gardens, with roses still blooming in profusion.

Arrived in London, we did much exploring—with the aid of maps and of Miss Morse's invaluable copy of Muirhead's "London." There we had our first view of Westminster Abbey, its beautiful Gothic exterior black with soot. Irving's gently melancholy account of his trip to the Abbey has always been a favorite of mine—but how attain gentle melancholy with a few hundred other people, however orderly, also bent on exploring? The fine Gothic nave, however, the lofty stone columns time-worn after the passage of centuries, cannot fail to be impressive—nor can the simple grave of the Unknown Soldier, nor the Poet's Corner in the South Transept. There rest the great Victorians, Browning and Tennyson; Dickens, kindly humorous; Addison, as fine a gentleman as he was an essayist; and Macaulay and the man of whom he has written, Samuel Johnson. In the North Transept lie statesmen, the great and the less great. Among the great are Pitt, for whom our city is named, Fox, Gladstone, and Disraeli.

Back of the elaborate main altar extends the splendid chapel of Henry VII, decorated with the brightly colored standards of the Knights of the Bath. In smaller chapels on opposite sides of the Chapel of Henry VII, in similar tombs, repose Mary, Queen of Scots, and her cousin, Queen Elizabeth. On Elizabeth's tomb is displayed the Essex ring, the story of which is so often told. Of interest to me also was the tomb of Henry V. Still unrestored is the effigy from which the silver head was stolen long ago,—sad commentary on the short duration of the power of even the most popular of kings. Of course the Coronation Chair, freely carved with initials, and containing the Stone of Scone, is of interest to every visitor. So also is the tomb of Edward the Confessor.

Before departing for Oxford we took the opportunity for a sight-seeing trip to Eton, Stoke Poges, and Windsor. The quaint costumes of the Eton boys are very interesting; the round, pink-cheeked face of a school boy looks rather odd under a

silk top hat. Only the color of the neckties worn distinguishes the costume of the older boys from that of the younger.

Stoke Poges, as you may know, is of interest mainly because of the little village church in the graveyard of which Gray wrote his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Separated by only a few feet from the wall of the church is the tomb of the author of the "Elegy." In the church wall is a window-like opening through which, the guide told us, lepers were allowed in olden times to listen to the services within the church.

A trip to Windsor Castle, now seldom used by the royal family, is very well worth while, not because of gleaming chandeliers and gilded chairs of state, but because at Windsor is the finest collection of Van Dycks in the world. There are also many other splendid paintings, rare tapestries, and objects of art; and the castle itself, one tower of which dates from the time of William the Conqueror, is a fine old building. The flower gardens, too, are unusual, and were very lovely even in a season which had been without rain for several weeks.

The remainder of our sight-seeing in London had to wait until later, for it was time for our summer course at Oxford University. The charabanc trip of a few hours from London to Oxford was a most amusing experience—but that, as Kipling would say, is another story.

Oxford is a memory of pointed spires and of many colleges, each with its grey stone walls without and its flower-bordered quadrangles within. Each, too, has its chapel, dimly lighted by stained glass windows, and its dining hall where ate the young Addison, or Matthew Arnold, or Samuel Johnson—according to which college one was visiting at the time—Magdalen, Oriel, or Pembroke. Most beautiful in many respects is Magdalen, with its tower reflected in the Cherwell, its deer park, and Addison's Walk. Most impressive, perhaps, is Christ Church, founded by Cardinal Wolsey in the reign of Henry VIII, with its extensive quadrangle and Tom Tower, completed by Wren in 1682. Within the tower is the huge bell which every night at 9.05 rings one hundred and one strokes, the number of the original students plus one added in 1633. This custom has continued since 1684 with the exception of the period of the Great War.

Oxford is a paradise for bicycle-riders—in fact, all England is—but Oxford especially. Men, women, and children ride—dignified clergymen, students, and widows in heavy mourning-veils. There are, however, fewer privately-owned automobiles than in the United States, and many are very small—not a bad idea where petrol sells for thirty-five cents a gallon.

At intervals, between classes, came opportunities for visits to Stratford-upon-Avon, thirty-five miles distant. There we saw the birthplace of Shakespeare; his later home, New Place, with the lovely knott garden in which are grown all the varieties of flowers mentioned in the plays—(How many do you recall?)—and, perhaps most impressive of all, the gray stone church within the sanctuary of which rest the remains of William Shakespeare and of Anne, his wife.

Shotton, the little village in which is the home of Anne Hathaway, is reached after a few minutes' ride from Stratford by bus. The picturesque thatched cottage contains interesting old furniture, a rare baking oven with a wooden door, warming pans, and a leather "bottel."

Not many miles beyond Stratford is Warwick Castle, perhaps known and visited by Shakespeare. Still a few miles farther on, is Kenilworth, famous in history and in story, long in ruins. Along these roadsides everywhere and in the fields of grain bloom scarlet poppies. Often, too, are to be seen horse-drawn vans, in the fields beside the hedges, the shelter perhaps of gypsies.

An all day trip from Oxford took us to the valley of the Wye on the border of Wales. There the hills are higher than those of "the rich central plain of Merrie England"—more like our own. At Monmouth, birthplace of Henry V, we stopped at the small inn known as "The King's Head," with its memories of Charles I. The name is a favorite for inns throughout England, as well as "The King's Arms," "The Queen's Head," and "The Queen's Arms." We also saw a tavern the sign of which read "The Carpenter's Arms" and another called "The Butcher's Arms."

From Monmouth we returned to Oxford past the ruins of Tintern Abbey, of which Wordsworth wrote, with its traceried windows and graceful arches still standing.

Cambridge University, less formal in appearance than Oxford, we found most attractive. There is Christ's College where John Milton was known among his associates as "the lady of Christ's," Trinity, once attended by Tennyson and his friend Hallam; and King's College, the chapel of which is beautiful with its fan vaulting and stained glass windows. To the right of the nave is the small chapel in memory of those men from King's who died in the World War—notable among whom is Rupert Brooke, a fellow at King's when he entered the service.

Rupert Brooke's beloved village of Grantchester is but a few miles from Cambridge. It is a tiny place, with a quaint little street, a stone church, and the Vicarage, once his home, entered through a green-painted wooden gate. Still in bloom there was "an English unofficial rose," and, though few men and women were in evidence, still there played about "lithe children lovelier than a dream" as we caught a last glimpse of Grantchester.

Space and time do not permit details of our sight-seeing in London again—of our watching the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace; of a glimpse of the historic Tower and of St. Paul's, the Old Curiosity Shop; Fleet Street, haunt of Dr. Johnson; Soho, home of Dr. Mennette; of the new Old Bailey, the Parliament Houses, 10 Downing Street, and Kensington Gardens with the charming statue of Peter Pan, favorite of young and old alike; nor of our trip to Killarney, its quiet lakes reflecting the heather-covered mountains, purple and green in the sunlight.

We sailed for home from Southampton, and, after an uneventful week on the ocean, arrived home happy, but not tired—rather refreshed by an enjoyable summer.

Isabel Power

Autumn: "When the Wind Blows"

WHAT is it the magician says in fairy stories, when he makes the most surprising things happen?

"Presto, change!" and he claps his hands.

Jack Frost is the wonder worker of the forest. After a still, sharp night in October, a hundred things seem to have happened all at once. The ground is

white with frozen dew. The trees are great torches of gold and red. They blaze all the brighter because the sky is veiled with a violet haze.

It is the maples that first light up our woods with these flickering fires. No country of the old world has trees that make such a wonderful color show as our maples. Their leaves are never of one tint, but are mottled and shaded, from lemon yellow to orange, flame red and crimson. You know the thin-leaved red maple sifts sunlight. To look up through one in the fall is like looking through a splendid stained glass window of a church.

The oaks show no yellow, and the leaves are of a strong solid color. But different varieties of oaks give them a range of all the reds from scarlet to wine, as well as warm browns and bronze greens. The elms and beeches are in russet yellows, the birches and poplars pure gold, the nut trees yellow. On every brook the willow leaves float like little fleets of sunny canoes. The fairy craft drift down stream, swirl over eddies and go under.

Below the boughs of the tall trees, all these colors are repeated in the shrubs and vines. The sumac is a burning bush with torch-like cones of seeds. The broad leaves of the grape-vine turn to bronze. The berry briars are as dark as the wine oaks. The big, smooth sassafras leaves are mottled in orange and flame, like the maples. There are notes of purple in the clusters of wild grapes; in the leaves of the alders and some of the ashes, and of scarlet in the seed hips of roses, in the clustered berries of the mountain ash and the bittersweet vine. Below all these the foot-high seedlings of the forest show the colors of the parent trees, among the brown of frost-bitten ferns and fallen leaves.

There is no hurry about anything. The autumn trees often take three or four weeks of Indian summer to strip their boughs for winter. The leaves drift down, silently, like great colored butterflies. Whole troupes of them dance in little gusts of wind. On frosty nights the nuts drop with soft patterings; squirrels skip, brown and gray shadows, over the bright carpets laying in their winter stores. The song birds take their last meals of seeds and cocoon babies and fly southward.

October is the time to study the fruits of the forest. Many of the trees—the willows, poplars, elms and red maples drop their seeds in the spring. The rock maple keeps its seed until frost, and so do all the nut trees and the wild orchard fruits. All the maple seeds have two thin, flat, green wings, like a thumb screw, an inch or more across. In the thickened bases of the two wings, two seeds lie coiled. You can peel away the thin, paper-like covering and find them. And you can learn how they begin to grow by pulling up the smallest seedlings of the red maples.

Acorns may be found lying on the ground under their parent-trees. Acorns differ on trees, although you may think them all alike. The acorn of the white oak has a very rough mossy cup much shorter than the pointed nut. The bur oak is often called the over-cup oak because its mossy, fringed cup covers quite two-thirds of the round acorn. The scarlet oak acorn is top shaped, with a point for spinning and is half covered with a shaggy cap of a cup, like a tam-o-shanter. There are other oaks with acorns that are still different, but these are the best known.

Chestnuts, too, are very near relatives of the oaks. The cups are closed burs, very stiff and woody, with prickly thorns. You have to let Jack Frost open them for you. They are very sweet when roasted by a winter fire.

How did the nuts get their hard shells, and their tough or prickly or mossy husks and cups? Just as the apple got its rosy skin, its sweet pulp and its horn-lined seed nests. The shell of a nut is like the seed nest of an apple. The cup or husk of the acorn, is really the twig on which the blossom grew. A plant can grow stems and root and bark and leaf and flower, all so very different. So it isn't hard to take a twig bud and turn it into a thorn on a rose, or a tendril on the grape vine, or a cup or a husk on a nut tree. Nature is always turning these sleight-of-hand tricks, making the most unexpected things out of anything she happens to have in stock.

For two or three weeks our woods are draped in autumn splendor, and dropping their ripened fruits for squirrels and birds and little boys and girls to find. Then comes a gale of wind and cold rains. Suddenly, the trees are bare, the birds are gone, the squirrels asleep in their cozy nests or store-rooms. You can find tiny leaves, blossoms, and branches tucked away for next year, on the trunk and branches where leaves have fallen from. Every one of them is a little prize package, rain and frost proofed in spicy gums and fleecy blankets.

Isn't it wonderful that these tender babies, some of them no bigger than a grain of wheat, will be warm and safe even when the ice is thick on the rivers and ponds. Winds that break off great limbs and almost blow you off your feet, will merely rock these babies in their cradles. The first warm days of spring they will wake up, yawn so wide that they will split their shells, stretch their leaf-arms up to the sun and dig their root-toes into the soft earth.

Helén L. Koch, '31

Confessions of a Norwegian Pretzel Smuggler

MY name is Oliver B. P. Gramper. I am a retired pretzel smuggler, altho now that I have realized my guilt and reformed, I blush furiously to mention my former state.

I have written these few words in order to prevent other young men who are contemplating a pretzel smuggling career from obeying that almost overpowering impulse which seizes so many likely youths in their early teens to abandon their accustomed mode of living and embark on the hazardous life of the pretzel smuggler. If by my horrible example I shall have saved even one young man from this degrading existence, I shall not have lived in vain.

When but a lad, my childish imagination was captivated by a dashing, swash-buckling fellow with a long curly mustache and astigmatism, who was a dyed-in-the-wool smuggler of pretzels. Altho at the time I was being sent thru Texas Barbers' U. by my sole surviving relative, Aunt Hilda, who suffered from sinus trouble, I cast discretion and my barber clippers to the winds (Southeast and Northwest), and left Texas forever to join a gang of bloodthirsty pretzel smugglers who were at that time terrorizing the Southwest. Led by Gilvin O'Taximeter, a Swiss-Irishman, the ruthless band stopped at nothing, not even red lights.

They were so tough that they were always putting stumbling blocks before the blind, and thought nothing of walking out of a restaurant after leaving a dime tip for the waitress. They never tipped barbers or bootblacks, and seldom if ever took off their shoes upon entering a mosque. They were Fiends Incarnate, dead to every sentiment of human kindness.

Alas! If I had only heeded my Sabbath School superintendent, Mr. Yiple! He told me repeatedly that I was headed for perdition and would end on the gallows if I persisted in my folly, but I, unhappy youth, thought that he wanted to keep me in Sunday School only so that I could play the role of 4th Courtier in the Michelmas Day Pageant. Now, too late, I realize my mistake. He wanted me to take part in the Promotion Day exercises.

To make a long story no longer than necessary, I joined this soulless band of smugglers, and in a year had worked up to the position of First Vice President in charge of Smuggling. My territory lay between Utah and Colorado, which is the best part of the country for pretzel smuggling.

In the wilds of Colorado, a great doughnut vat was located. Up to a certain point, the manufacture of these doughnuts was legitimate. However, when each batch of doughnuts began to simmer in the grease, a crew of seventy-three Mongolians, who had been especially chosen for their ability in this direction, began to tease the doughnuts unmercifully, keeping them awake all night by shouting such taunts as: "Yaaaah! Yer nose is shiny! Yaaah! Yer ain't gonna graduate wid yer class! Yer got a grease fixation", thereby reducing the sensitive doughnuts to a thin and anaemic state, quite different from the fine bouncing doughnuts you may see in any bakery in your town or city. The pastry became as thin as pretzels in about a week's time from loss of sleep, when the horrible part of the process took place. Taking the doughnuts one by one, they were each given a drink composed of one part of prussic acid to two parts of wood alcohol, which potion caused them to die in convulsions in a few minutes. Thus the pretzels were made.

Then my part in this horrid process began. After overseeing this hellish business, my job was to sneak across Colorado into Utah and dip the pretzels in the Great Salt Lake to give them their appetizing salty taste. Transportation of these foodstuffs was prohibited by the AnkleThorwaldsen Anti-Pretzel Act of 1897. To outwit the minions of the law, I used to sneak across the state on large rubber snowshoes. The police always thought the tracks were made by an elephant escaped from a circus, since before each of my nefarious trips I circulated a report that such a mammal had eluded his keeper. For forty years I continued thus, unmoved by the tears and pleas of my friends and loved ones.

Then one day last November, my sinful eyes were opened. While leafing thru the pages of a weekly periodical, an advertisement caught my attention. The announcement impressed itself so forcibly on my mind that I can reproduce it word for word:

SNAP OUT OF IT! YOU NINNY!

DON'T LET THE OTHER FELLOW GET ALL THE APPLAUSE!!

GO AFTER IT YOURSELF! YOU SLACKER!

Are you afraid to look anyone in the eye?

Does it embarrass you to be arrested?

BE A MAN! WAKE UP! AROUSE YOUR DORMANT WILL-POWER!

I don't care who or what you are or WHAT YOUR PAST LIFE HAS BEEN!!!

Send for my big free book and GET WISE TO YOURSELF!

I GUARANTEE TO MAKE A NEW MAN OUT OF YOU IN 20 MINUTES

A DAY!!!!

IF I FAIL I CHEERFULLY REFUND YOUR MONEY!!!!

(Signed) **BILL BRUTEFORCE**

The BRAUN BUILDER

I sent for this booklet, and in ONE WEEK my will-power was so improved that I told that old Meanie O'Taximeter, what I thought about him, and threw up my job as a pretzel smuggler forever. Now I can look any man in the eye and know that my past is forgotten and that my illegal trafficking in pretzels is over.

I am now located in New York engaged in the bootlegging game, and feel 100% better in every way for having gotten out of the rut and being at last in an honest and respectable business.

Robert G. Newman

Summer Memories

AS we bend over our books these bright autumn afternoons, our minds wander from the abhorred Latin and Math back to the sunny, carefree days of summer. We remember the hours and hours spent on the warm sands at the seashore as we lay watching the waves—first, a swell, then a lacelike frill at the top, spreading the length of the swell; then the top of the wave leaned forward, showing a smooth, shining front, and a crest covered with bridal spray. Then it crashed with a dull roar and travelled, foaming, up and over the hot sands, cooling them with its eager tongue. Slowly the waters receded mingling with oncoming waves. In the path of the rising tide the children usually built forts, and when a monstrous wave came, their happy shouts as they jumped into their fortresses and wildly piled on more sand to keep their garrisons from greedy Father Ocean, were heard all along the beach. Older people strolled up and down on the hard-packed sand, every now and then running back before the lapping waves touched and wet their shoes.

For us who were too young to stroll and too old to build forts, there were glorious swims in old Father Ocean. Some of us jumped the breakers as they rolled over the warm sands. Then we would join hands and leap together into the wave, coming up spluttering and coughing but still laughing. We lay on our backs and floated, up, over, and suddenly down the rollers. We dove and swam, and invented new and exciting water sports, gaining during those glorious hours the marvelous tans which we now sport so proudly.

Home again in The Berkshires, our vacation days sped swiftly by with hiking, tennis and motoring. A blow out may have upset all our plans, but though we spent long hours in a garage while the old car was being fixed, our motor trips are now as much fun to recall as if there had been no mishaps. Because the car broke down and three or four hours were spent in fixing it, we had to spend the night on the road instead of reaching home as we expected. The financial resources of the whole family were pooled to buy gas to take us home, and we arrived with exactly twenty-seven cents among us. But though these trials were upsetting at the time, they make the trip a more amusing and exciting memory.

We shall never forget the picnic by the lake when the automobile was used as a bath house, when Dad dropped the thermos bottle and consequently we had nothing to drink; when Dad forgot to look at the gas and the car ran out about a mile from a gas station; when we arrived home and discovered we had locked ourselves out.

But the best memories of all are of the beautiful moonlight nights we spent dancing with some charming companion. The bewitching music once more runs through our heads as we think back. The soft lap, lap of the water along the shore is part of the whole enchanting memory. It seemed as if we could go on dancing forever. Our dreams after we had finally fallen asleep, tired out but still happy, were filled with the scenes just past.

School and all its drudgeries were completely forgotten in those days. How far off September then seemed, but how quickly it came! And now as we sit with our books before us, struggling with Latin verbs and geometrical demonstrations our thoughts wander back to the golden days of summer when care was far away.

Evelyn Sloper '30

The Buckingham Ghost

WHEN Hiram B. Otis, American Minister to Great Britain bought Buckingham Castle, everyone told him he was foolish, that the place was haunted. Even Lord Buckingham, when they were discussing the terms, told him something of the murders that had been committed there by the famous Buckingham Ghost. But, despite all these wierd tales, Mr. Otis moved in.

Mr. Otis' family consisted of Mrs. Otis, the eldest son, Washington and last but not least, the twins. Upon arriving at the castle, they were greeted by Mrs. Umney, the housekeeper. In the library, directly before the fireplace was a large, dark, red stain. To Mrs. Umney's horror, who told them that it was a blood stain, Washington fell on his knees and began scrubbing the spot with a black, greasy-looking stick, which he called "Pinkerton's Champion Stain Remover." He removed the stain but to their surprise the next morning, the blood stain was there again, only it was a brighter red in color. The next day it was vermillion. When the ghost approached the room to see what effect it had upon the people, he heard them laying bets as to what color the stain would next be.

That night, Mr. Otis heard a noise similar to clanking metal or chains. With an annoyed expression on his face, he drew something from a drawer in a nearby bureau. He approached the door and saw the ghost dressed in his very best skeleton uniform standing on the threshold. He handed the something to the ghost and told him to use it on his chain. The surprised ghost found it was a bottle of *Rising Sun Lubricator* for oiling squeaks, rattles and what-not. The ghost walked off in disgust only to find the twins at the end of the hall taking deadly aim with two pillows. He dodged them by ducking through the wall.

The following night, Mr. Otis was awakened by a loud crash. He looked down the corridor and saw the ghost, who had just been clad in a suit of armor, rubbing his knees and trying to escape from the shower of peas from the twins' peashooter. In disgust, the ghost again dodged through the wall.

Two nights later the desperate ghost decided to make a last attempt at scaring the family from the castle. He donned his best costume and approached the twins' bedroom. When he opened the door he received a shower of cold water on his head. Followed by the laughter of the twins, he ran down the hall only to trip over a string stretched across the hall. In his anger he retreated up the chimney and out into the night to his bed in the graveyard.

As he lay in his coffin shivering from the cold shower he had received, and bemoaning the destruction of his best costume by the soot, the Buckingham ghost resolved to retire and leaving the Otis family in peaceful possession of the castle.

Harold K. Brown '31

Indian Girl

THIS summer at camp I met an Indian girl. Her coarse, black hair was done in a boyish bob, rather rough around the back and hanging, in one thick, dark lock, straight down over her forehead into her eyes. These were dark and reticent. They looked up at you stolidly, yet with an intriguing gleam of hidden things and an honesty and straightforwardness that made them strangely compelling. And when they wished, they could look at you piercingly, keenly, so that you felt your whole soul and mind and heart were laid bare before them. Her profile was that of an Indian—of course, she was really American, but that jutting nose, that rounding chin and those lips that gave an almost stern expression to her face by their downward droop, all seemed to proclaim some Indian blood in her, no matter how far back, as, indeed, did her whole personality and character.

She was tanned to a deep reddish bronze. Even her cheeks were this color except high on the cheek bones where a vivid red triangle of color blazed. Her figure was long and lithe, and she ran, swam, played games and trailed in the forest as no one else in the camp could. Her voice was deep and husky, yet clear, and at times it rang with such a depth of expression that it did not seem as if such emotion could come from those stern, repressed lips. She was like a girl who had stepped out of a book—picturesque, interesting, dominating. So I left camp with a picture of an Indian girl—unusual looking, provocative, dark and remote, the only expression of her inner nature showing in her darkly thoughtful eyes and her low, throbbing voice.

Yesterday, on the street of a roaring city, instead of in a quiet wood as before, I met her again,—but she was no longer an Indian girl. Dressed in ordinary flapper schoolgirl style, her dark straight boyish bob grown out and curled about her face—why, she looked like any girl. Embarrassed, I stopped, but could not speak, for I felt that I would be addressing a stranger. Never was I more disappointed in anyone. Which was herself—the dark, quiet Indian girl or the gay, shallow, sophisticated schoolgirl before me? But even as my eyes, disillusioned and disgusted at the transformation of my picturesque, silent friend of the woods, the water and the sky, roved reluctantly up the smart dress, glanced unhappily at the frizzed hair, and passed quickly on to the upper face of the girl before me, they stopped, and a thrill of wonder, of restored belief, went through me,—for the eyes were the same! They were apart, remote—the roaring city noises, the incongruous chiffon dress, the frizzed hair, the sophistication and sham of city life did not touch them—they were calm, untroubled, thoughtful—they spoke of the woods, the fields, the open sky—of spicy pines and a starlit night. Then I knew that real character and personality are things that such external, changeable, immaterial things as clothes, environment and circumstances cannot change. I had met a person, who, although outwardly utterly different, was, nevertheless, the same that I had met last summer in a quiet forest, with the midday sunlight slanting through the trees and the air sizzling audibly in the heat—an Indian Girl.

Ruth Hopkins '32



POETRY

Night---Now

The night is calling;
Something in the spell
Of the moonlight
Lures me . . .
Out in the garden
The grass is damp
With jewelled dew.
The last gallant flowers
Of summer, slumber.
The sky is black, and stars,
Tremulous, sparkling . . .
Blink gleefully at me;
And the moon, as always,
Fascinates me . . .
How free they are!
Earthbound,
I envy their shining freedom,
Envy their calm and peace.

Marie Hill, '32

Time

Time is whispering
But we heed it not and go our weary way.
Yet still it breathes into our heedless ear,
"Grieve not; I'll still the pain that tears your heart;
Sigh not that love has come and gone and left a void.
With knowing fingers I will mend
Until, at last, one day you'll smile
Then laugh, and shrug and say,
'Ah well, it's but a memory.'"

Dorothy Lamar, P. G.



The Red Napoleon

Floyd Gibbons

FLOYD GIBBONS presents us with a graphic description of the much discussed next war in his new work—"The Red Napoleon". The plot of "The Red Napoleon" revolves about a boy who grows up with bitterness and hatred in his heart against all the white race, resulting from certain mistreatments administered by the over-bearing whites toward his family during the Great War. His greatest ambition in life is to bring the white race down to the level of the peoples of color.

In later life he becomes a commisar, still bearing his hatred toward the whites. He advances from position to position with ease. His great military achievements bring him the power that he desires. The reins of government are in his hands. He mobilizes his armies at once and after a few short, swift campaigns he conquers Europe. He then forces a landing on the north-eastern coast of the United States.

The destruction of New York by the Reds demonstrates the terrific energy expanded by the emperor and his henchmen to conquer the American people. Gibbons describes, in masterful detail, the defeat of the Red Emperor and the great retreat across the eastern states.

Interwoven in this story is an account of two lovers who are caught in the meshes of the war. Gibbons has a rather uncanny way of getting his characters in and out of trouble. He puts them in positions that seem impossible and through some agency gets them out. This lends great interest to the story.

L. E. Levinson

"Blair's Attic"

IT seems a far cry from an Oriental port in the 1880's to a Cape Cod cottage in the 1920's, but the Lincolns, father and son, have brought them together in "Blair's Attic." A mystery that started in the far East two generations ago is not solved until its threads are untangled in the old Blair homestead forty years later, and it is only partly solved then.

This is the first book written by both Joseph C. Lincoln and his son, Freeman. Joseph C. Lincoln wrote many books about Cape Cod such as "Mary-Gusta" and "Cy Whittaker's Place." His son is known as a short-story writer. It is natural to assume that the mystery element in the story is supplied by the junior member of the new partnership. This may or may not be so.

At all events, "Blair's Attic" is an interesting story. It revolves about a secret treasure acquired by an American sea captain and hidden for safety in a piece of furniture on board his ship. The ship is wrecked, and the next generation grows up knowing nothing of the existence of the treasure. The heirs to this treasure finally obtain a clue and work on it.

Several picturesque characters figure in the story, which is ingeniously told in five sections by different persons. There is much repetition, and whole paragraphs of speculation, ejaculation, and explanation delay the action, but in spite of these obstacles the story holds one's interest.

Some of the episodes are very dramatic; and I think that "Blair's Attic" would make an excellent stage or film production.

Margaret E. Scace '32

Growth of the Soil

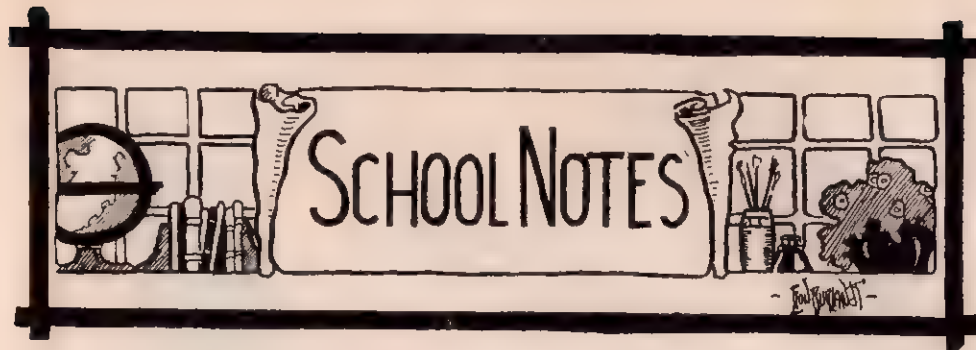
Knut Hansun

GROWTH OF THE SOIL" recounts the life of a man in the wilds, the beginning and gradual development of a homestead, the unit of humanity, in the untilled, uncleared tracts that still remain in the Norwegian Highlands. It is an epic of earth; the history of tiny man struggling for existence. Its dominant note is one of patient strength and simplicity; the mainstay of its working is the stern yet loving alliance between Nature and the man who faces her himself, trusting to himself and to her for the physical means of life, and the spiritual contentment with life which she must grant if he be worthy. Modern man faces Nature only by proxy, or as proxy, through others or for others, and the intimacy is lost. In the wilds the contact is direct and immediate; it is the foothold upon earth, the touch of the soil itself, that gives strength.

M. R. B.

* * * *

We have just learned that the teachers in the afternoon session are having great difficulty in persuading the Sophomores that "Lorna Doone" is not a product of The National Biscuit Company.



New Teachers

THE Pittsfield High School faculty and pupils welcome the following teachers who have joined the P. H. S. teaching staff:

Miss Helen O'Brien, formerly of the Pomeroy Junior High School, to the English department of the afternoon session. Miss O'Brien has charge of Room 1.

Miss Helen Warren, formerly of the Worcester High School, to the Spanish department of the morning session. Miss Warren has taught Latin and Spanish in several New York state schools.

Mr. Theodore Herberg, formerly of the Franklin K. Lane Senior High School, New York City, to the Mathematics department of the morning session. Mr. Herberg has charge of all mathematics taught in P. H. S.

Bessie Klein '30

Assembly for Girls

SOON after the opening of the fall term the girls had their annual assembly when the announcement that the Girl's League had begun its eighteenth season was made.

Miss Peaslee gave an interesting talk on the general courses that the League offers to high school girls.

Then Miss Rumble, who has charge of the athletic work, went into the details of the program. There is to be a tennis tournament, different from former ones in that it gives more girls a chance to play, and that there will be keener competition. This tournament will end with the annual tennis banquet. Miss McNaughton, a former Pittsfield High pupil, will be an assistant to Miss Rumble.

Take Note: Instead of the monthly dances, the League has planned three big affairs, the Christmas Dance, Valentine Dance, and the May Dance.

Girls, show the League and the city of Pittsfield your appreciation for the work they are doing for you by turning out one-hundred percent.

"Let's go—Who?—You and I."

Assembly for Boys' Posture Classes

AN assembly for boys was held in the auditorium on Tuesday, September 17. Mr. Carmody spoke of the poor posture of many of the boys in the school and of the importance of correct posture. He then told of the boys' posture classes now being introduced in the school. These classes will give boys who take them the same number of points as they would receive for physical training.

As a result of the assembly 160 boys signed up for the course. This will necessitate ten classes per week which will be under the supervision of Mr. Childs.

Sophomore Assembly

ON September 20th an assembly for the sophomores was held in the auditorium. Its purpose was to welcome the new students and to recall to all the sophomores their duties in upholding the P. H. S. standard. Jonathan England presided and introduced Sidney Smith, who welcomed the new students. Sherman Hicks, as a representative of the Athletic Council, related the activities of the Council and asked all to be faithful to the Athletic Club. The editor-in-chief of *The Student's Pen*, George Kenyon, spoke of the work of *The Pen*. He asked for the support of the sophomores to help make *The Pen* as successful as it has been in the past. William Andrews told of the importance and aim of the Debating Club in the high school. Thomas Joyce spoke of the activities of the Student's Council and asked for the cooperation necessary for its work. Mr. Charles Stewart, athletic coach, gave an interesting talk on athletics and mentioned his desire for a sophomore football team. He appealed to all incoming boys to take a keen interest in P. H. S. athletics.

In conclusion the student body sang "Cheer On Old Pittsfield" and gave their vocal cords some good exercising with P. H. S. cheers.

M. Griffith '32

Student's Council

THE Student Council has begun its work. The executive committee consists of the following members, Jonathan England, Nita Herbert, Sidney Smith, Victor Wagner and Henry Schachte.

William Coty, Thomas Joyce, and Martin Pierson have been appointed to the traffic committee, and Margaret McClaren, Russell Patterson and Evelyn Sloper are to act as assistants to the traffic chief.

The Council plans to hold weekly meetings during school hours, beginning with the first period and rotating each week.

A most successful assembly for sophomores was sponsored by the Council shortly after the opening of school. The question of an afternoon student council was put before the sophomore class with the result that the sophomores decided to have its council combined with that of the morning session.

Another activity of the Council, which should boost the school spirit is the organization of a school band to play during the football season.

The High School Orchestra

THE High School Orchestra was recently reorganized under the direction of Mr. Smith, the musical director. Owing to the fact that the platoon system must be used again, Mr. Smith has decided to divide the orchestra into two parts, one for the morning-session pupils and one for the afternoon-session pupils.

No definite plans for practice have been announced as yet, but rumor has it that the orchestra is to study several standard overtures, Sousa's marches, and other shorter pieces.

Mr. Smith is now planning a high school band to be composed of members of both divisions of the orchestra. Since the sophomores seem to offer a great deal of new talent, the orchestra seems well on the road to another successful season.

Bessie Klein '30



The Football Outlook

AT the beginning of the season the football outlook at P. H. S. was rather gloomy despite the large number of candidates that reported to Coach Stewart on the first day of practice. But two veteran regulars remained from last year's team, Captain Stoessel and "Tommy" Curtin. Other boys with experience were Joe Horrigan, Joe Nilan, Ed Archey, Jim Donna, and Sid Smith. Eino Huronens and Forrest Kendall have played in other schools and showed up well in early scrimmages.

Sophomores 0—Lee High 0

The P. H. S. sophomore team and Lee High fought to a scoreless tie on Wahconah Park, Saturday, October 5. The teams were evenly matched with neither team threatening at any time. Jim Satrape and Joe Wortkowski were the shining lights on the Pittsfield team, while Blanche showed up well for the visitors.

Coach Charles E. Stewart

THE Athletic Council has already been a great aid to Pittsfield High School in many respects. After being organized, one of the first things that it did was to appoint a new coach for all sports. Charles E. Stewart was the man selected from a list of over ten applicants. This choice met with the instant approval of the faculty and students of the school as well as of other citizens of Pittsfield. Mr. Stewart is a former Colgate University athlete and has had much practical experience along the coaching line.

The Pittsfield High students wish to express their appreciation of the efforts of John T. Ferry who coached the championship baseball team last season.

Pittsfield's New Captains

AT a meeting of the lettermen of the school last term, captains for the four athletic teams were elected. Richard Stoessel, a senior, was chosen to lead the football team on the gridiron this season. Stoessel played center on last year's team. John Conry was elected captain of the basketball quintet. Conry is a senior and has played one year of high school basketball. Howard Storie, the best baseball player in Berkshire County high school circles last year, will have charge of the baseball team. Storie is a junior. James Donna, a senior, will be captain of the track team.

New Britain 13—Pittsfield 0

Coach Stewart's football team lost the first game of the season to New Britain High in New Britain on October 12. The New Britain team appeared to be the strongest team a Pittsfield football team had encountered in the last few years and the Pittsfield team did very well to prevent any more scoring. New Britain scored once in each of the first two periods after advancing the ball nearly the length of the field but were outplayed in the second half by a smaller but more scrappy team. "Tommy" Curtin and Eino Hiironen were the best ball carriers for Pittsfield and Forrest Kendall played a great game on the defense. "Eddie" Archey and "Cap" Stoessel were the strong points of the line.

The summary:

NEW BRITAIN

Mangan, r.e.
Neverdowski, r.t.
C. Potts, r.g.
Grimm, c.
Mikalowskas, l.g.
Ludwinowicz, l.t.
Bogdanski, l.e.
Ross, q.b.
Middleton, r.h.b.
Fink, l.h.b.
Carlson, f.b.

PITTSFIELD

l.e., Dona
l.t., Smith
l.g., Archey
c., Morin
r.g., C. Stoessel
r.t., Spiewak
r.e., Hanford
q.b., Curtin
l.h.b., Kendall
r.h.b., Hiironen
f.b., Nilan

Touchdowns—Carlson and Middleton. Point after touchdown, Ludwinowicz, by rushing. Referee, DeZwick. Umpire, Weir. Head Linesman, Conley. Field judge, Mulligan.

Substitutions—Zaleski for Ross; O'Brien for Mikalowskas; Shelsey for Donna; C. White for Hanford; Michelman for Smith; J. White for Archey; Tobey for Stoessel; Horrigan for Nilan; Smith for Hiironen.

St. Peters 13—Pittsfield 0

Pittsfield high lost its second game by the same score to St. Peters high in Worcester October 19. Pittsfield was playing a fast and clever team but they did not show up as well as they did in their opening game. St. Peters scored in the second and final periods, mainly through the fine work of Captain Lee. "Joe" Nilan was the best bet in advancing the ball for Pittsfield while "Jack" White, "Franny" Morin, "Bill" Hanford and "Jimmy" Donna also showed much ability.

The summary:

ST. PETER'S

Tivnan, l.e.
Gibbons, l.t.
McCabe, Ring, Leonard, l.g.
J. Quinn, McMahon, c.
Healey, Doran, Keefe, r.g.
Mulvey, r.t.
W. Quinn, Shannon, r.e.
Grady, Dowd, Lee, q.b.
Lee, Powers, Grady, l.h.b.
Dowd, Dumas, r.h.b.
Jankowski, f.b.

PITTSFIELD

r.e., Donna, Shelsey
r.t., Michelman
r.g., Stoessel, Menard
c., Morin
l.g., Archey
l.t., Smith, Spiewak
l.e., Hanford, C. White
q.b., Curtin
r.h.b., Kendall
l.h.b., Hiironen, J. Smith
f.b., Nilan

Score—St. Peter's 13, Pittsfield 0.

Touchdowns, Lee, Dumas. Goal from touchdowns, Lee. Referee, McDonald of Holy Cross. Field judge, Keville of Holy Cross. Time, 12-minute periods.



The Yale Trip

Through the kindness of the Yale Athletic Association, the Pittsfield High Athletic Council arranged a trip whereby the P. H. S. football squad was permitted to see Yale play Vermont in the great Yale Bowl.

The trip was made in automobiles owned by members of the squad and was greatly enjoyed by all. The team was accompanied by ex-mayor Fred T. Francis, Chairman of the Athletic Council, and William J. Cormick, treasurer of the Council.



WITH the beginning of a new school term our *Student's Pen* is under the able supervision of a new editor-in-chief, and practically all new department heads. The Exchange Department finds before it several magazines left over from June. Ah! here is an attractive cover:

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass:

Yours is a wonderful paper with literature well worth reading. Athletics is a very well written department and is certainly a credit to your paper. Keep up the good work!

Maroon and White, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

You have an excellent magazine. We enjoyed it immensely. "Reminiscences of Our Freshmen Days" and "Highlights of Our Life" were indeed very well sketched. Your magazine keeps up the interest of the leader continuously. We are very glad to exchange with you.

The Saint Joseph's Prep. Chronicle, Philadelphia, Penn:

We are very glad to have you on our exchange list. Your stories are some of the most interesting we've ever read in a school magazine. You certainly have a great deal of talent on your staff. "An Affair of Honor", by Joseph F. Janish in *The Papal Jubilee* issue was indeed a very fine bit of work. Wouldn't a few cuts and some humor improve your paper?

Kensington Distaff, Philadelphia, Penn.:

Your "Books and Plays" department is very good. We think a humor department would add a great deal to your magazine. Your silhouettes are most attractive.

Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass.:

We wish to compliment you on the completeness of your magazine. The art throughout the book is admirable; your Exchange Department and Alumni Notes are excellent; and the class poem was inspiring.

The Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.:

Judging from the contents of your magazine you must have an excellent school spirit. Your editorials and cuts are exceptionally good. We should suggest, however, that a poetry department would add to the attractiveness of the magazine.

The Jabberwock, Boston, Mass.:

With great interest we read *The Jabberwock* from Boston. We especially liked the editorial. The clever designing of the magazine is also to be praised.

Leith Academy Magazine, Edinburgh, Scotland:

All the departments of your magazine are very good, the athletic activities being especially well written. We find, however, that an Exchange Department would improve the magazine.

Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.:

Why not have a few essays and book reviews? They would add so much to the interest of the magazine. Also, your cover design lacks beauty. Why not add some short stories, too? Otherwise, your magazine is worthy of great praise.

The Red Pen, (Poetry Number), Reading, Penn.:

You are certainly fortunate in having so large a number of budding poets in your midst. As a whole, the poems were quite good for amateur work, and we especially enjoyed "Omnipotence" and "Marks". Keep up the good work!

Phyllis Sullivan

Mrs. Newlywed: "You never bring me candy like you used to before we were married."

Mr. Newlywed: "That so? Well, you never heard of a fisherman feeding bait to a fish after he had caught him, did you?"

* * * *

We wonder if the law of gravity has any effect on "Bob" Dickey.

* * * *

Miss Jordan: "I would like to see you get ahead, Sawyer."

Sawyer: "Why?"

Miss Jordan: "You need one."

* * * *

"What's the matter, Ben? You're looking worried."

"Work—nothing but work from morning till night."

"Ow long you been at it?"

"I begin tomorrow."

* * * *

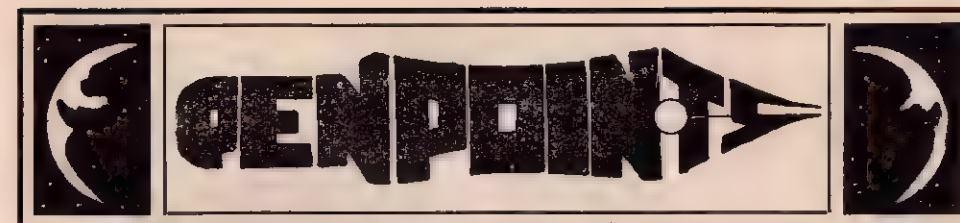
Mr. Hennessey: "What is the difference between an investment and a speculation?"

Selikowitz: "If you're lucky, it's an investment; if you're unlucky, it's a speculation."

* * * *

"Did you ever read 'The Tale of Two Cities'?"

"It's a dickens of a story, I think."



Teacher: "Who is Saint Peter?"

College Entrance Aspirant: "Chairman of the Committee on Admissions into Heaven."

* * * *

Teacher: "What are you making that gurgling noise for?"

Wagner: "Oh, I am only trying to swallow that line you've been giving me."

* * * *

Garlic, it is said, is a good preventive of flu. Well, we suppose even a germ must draw a line somewhere.

* * * *

Mr. Herberg: "Say compatriot, I see that the fibrous tubing by which your vehicle is suspended above the concrete has ceased to perform its functions."

Old Farmer: "I don't get ya."

Mr. Herberg: "The elliptical portion which for the majority of the time causes your metallic surfaces to abstain from coming into contact with the irregular hummocks on the roadbed has entirely forsaken its duties."

Peru again: "I'll be danged if I follow ya."

Holden running up: "Hey, mister, you've got a flat."

* * * *

Ed. Simmons: "Well fellows, I'm going to form a polo club."

Blanchard: "How's that?"

Simmons again: "Well, my aunt just gave me a polo shirt."

* * * *

Mr. Hennessey: "Liquor is not a necessity."

Michleman: "Well, I know a man in Pittsfield who died because he couldn't get it."

Echo (Walker): "He must have been broke."

* * * *

She: "I suppose you are on the football team."

He (proudly): "Well, yes; I do the aerial work."

She: "What is that?"

He: "I blow up the footballs."

* * * *

Now we have one about the Scotchman who stayed up all night watching his wife's vanishing cream.

* * * *

Miss Waite: "Bolza, where did the climax of 'Silas Lapham' take place?"

Young Wit: "At Boston."

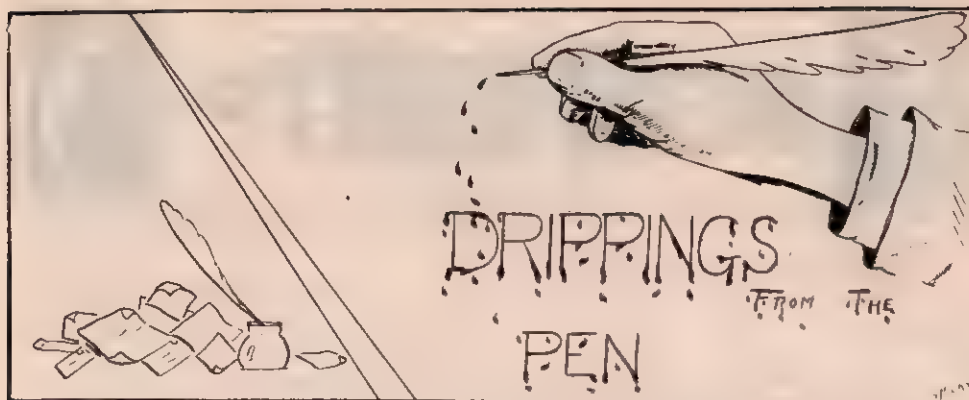
* * * *

Soph: "Gee, I'm in an awful hole."

Junior: "What's the matter?"

Soph: "I've spelled 'professor' with two 'f's and I don't know which one to cross out."

Harry J. Mellen



“—of shoes-and ships-and sealing-wax—of cabbages-and kings—”

Statement of Platform and Policy

NOW that Uncle Wiltie's Children's Column is gone but not forgotten, the need is felt in certain quarters, namely in the third period Sanskrit class and in the boiler room, for another monthly page to replace, in some feeble measure, the inspiring efforts of the worthy Dunham. With this noble end in view, we shall attempt to provide the youthful and impressionable high school inmate with high-minded reading matter which he may peruse with enjoyment and profit during the long winter evenings, when the coyote and wolf lift their wailing howls to the icy hibernal heavens, and the furnace gets out of order while the thermometer descends to zero degrees Fahrenheit.

Rising to meet this exigency with the true altruistic fervor of one who has ever had at heart the first interests of the personnel which goes to make up our famous educational institution, we hereby give notice that we shall attempt to conduct a monthly feature, entitled as above, for the edification and amusement of the reading undergraduate public.

The page is to be conducted in a widely different manner from the inferior efforts of such scribes as F. P. A., Arthur Brisbane, Heywood Brown, or Robert Quillen.

It will not pander to the hungry maw of Industry and Capitalism, with time out for preaching the gospel of Aeronautics, nor will it roundly denounce Henry Ford and his minions. Above all things, we shall have no “Letters of a Bald-Headed Dad to a Flapper Daughter,” or perhaps it is “Letters of a Flapper Dad to a Bald-Headed Daughter.” Neither shall we allow homely philosophy or obscure epigrams to lift, figuratively speaking, their ugly heads upon our peerless page.

WE WELCOME CONTRIBUTIONS. EVERY MONTH SOME WILL BE PRINTED. Drop them in the *Student's Pen* box or hand them to us in person. Altho we will not return material, rejected matter may come back to you at some later date in the form of paper napkins or advertising blotters.

The conductor of this section, who has resigned an important position with *The Laboringman's Complainer-Advocate* to enter the broader field of social uplift thru the medium of *The Student's Pen*, has but one goal for which to strive. This ideal, the product of many years of grammar, junior high, and high school attendance, is as follows: “More and longer vacations, with a forty minute recess every school day for beer and pretzels.”

Mr Goodwin says that Latin is an inflected language, but some of the Junior B's who are beginning Cicero think he means “inflicted.”

Woman Reaches 18,000 Feet For Record.

Headline in *Evening Eagle*.

She would be at home at any boarding-house table.

As the fellow remarked who realized his error when about to pick up the cute little black and white pussy-cat: “What a whale of a difference just a few scents make!”

By R. G. N.

Genest: “Do you always find out who it is you have run over with your car?”
Welton: “Sure! Don't you suppose I read the newspapers?”

* * * *

There is so much Scotch in that fellow that he even hates to tip his hat.

* * * *

Coach Stewart: “Had any experience in anything like football?”

S. Smith: “Sure, I was hit by a truck a few years ago.”

* * * *

Gibbons: “How did you break your leg?”

Dixon: “I threw a cigarette into a man-hole and stepped on it.”

* * * *

Stranger: “Don't the fast trains stop here?”

Hick: “Yep, had a wreck here once.”

* * * *

Mr. Herberg: “How would you attack the next proposition, Kenyon?”

Kenyon: “Surround it with a circle.”

* * * *

A Scotchman called up the doctor one night long after midnight and asked, “What shall I do? My child has swallowed a sixpence.”

Doctor: “How old is it?”

Father: “1864.”

* * * *

Columbia: “Is he a careful driver?”

Morin: “Oh, very. He always toots his horn before crossing a railroad track.”

* * * *

“What's the difference between ‘sight’ and ‘vision’?”

“Oh, that's easy. My girl is a vision, but yours is a sight.”

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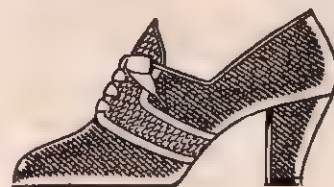
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